

At the Legislature

After the stirring attraction furnished the patrons of the Legislative Theatre last season, the present offering may appear to those who prefer to see the blood-and-thunder element emphasized, as a somewhat tame affair. However, there is nothing in the thrilling passages which come off. It is one of the beauties of the political drama that it seldom follows any set programme. The prologue, carried through with all its accustomed pomp and circumstance on Thursday last, was followed by an intermission of several days, given up for the most part to social festivities.

Let us hope that the time will never come when these are eliminated. They accomplish not a little towards mitigating political bitterness. There is no reason why those who differ on public questions should be personal enemies and it is usually a sign of a small spirit when a man allows his antagonisms in the one field to extend to the other.

Herein we have a great deal to learn from the politicians of the old land. Into their hands, when they are on the platform they throw themselves with all the force at their command, asking no quarter and giving none. But when they doff their armor and quit the arena of combat, they don't take up the fight again with other weapons, but observe a real truce, consistent with relations of the most friendly character. There are scores of examples that might be cited in this connection. No two men are more active and prominent in their respective parties at the present moment than Winston Churchill and F. E. Smith, one a rising hope of Liberalism and the other almost certainly of the Conservative. Both are in excellent health, are spared to become either Premier or Lord Chancellor. Yet Churchill and Smith are constantly in one another's company after political office hours. Many a week-end they spend together in the country and this past summer they made a tour of the Continent. Of course, all this is only consistent with certain methods of doing things. No one would want as a personal friend a political opponent who was in the habit of hitting below the belt and the man who does this, who matters what his talents, is a public enemy of the worst kind. He degrades an honorable calling and lowers the whole tone of politics.

The debate on the speech from the Throne which opened on Monday, allowed an opportunity to size up some of the new leading men to whom the turn of fortune's wheel has given the opportunity of proving their mettle. Mr. Stewart, of Sedgwick, and Mr. McEwen, of Gleichen, made creditable maiden speeches of the heavy respectable type, full of congratulations to the body, as is usual with men with such efforts and particularly commending the work of the Government, in all the activities of which they are supporters.

Mr. Michener made a distinctly favorable impression on his first appearance in the House. He is a tall, portly man, with a pleasant, affable face, and a fine, clear voice. He is a man of great force and energy, and his logic limped at times. Once in a while his sentences failed to come to satisfactory conclusions. But such failings were palpably the result of nervousness and with increased confidence, are likely to disappear. He is distinctly a man of possibilities and will yet do himself and the party which he represents credit. The Saturday News has all ways laid great stress on the need of having a man able to occupy the first desk to the Speaker's left. It was a misfortune to everybody concerned that in the first legislative year a competent man was not available for the post, and it is now in a subject for congratulation that this defect no longer exists. Mr. Michener does not possess Mr. Bennett's oratorical gifts. His speeches will not excite the admiration of those of the member for Calgary do. But he can speak quite well enough for the purposes of leadership, he is more than a match for the people than his forceful, and at times brilliant, lieutenant, and is certainly to be reckoned with as a man who arouse fewer personal antagonisms. Of course, the fact should not be lost sight of that Mr. Michener has not yet had the test of the post after Mr. Bennett had declined it, but the chances are that the former, even with his limitations, will prove to have been the better choice.

Mr. Michener dispensed almost entirely with the argument made to do duty during the bye-elections, that the lieutenant-governor's course in calling on Mr. Bennett was in violation of constitutional practice. Instead of this he contended with great emphasis that the premier, in

supposed to give general support to the Government, to the leadership of the Conservative party. It placed him in a position of inconsistency but it illustrated what was clear to everyone of experience that under our system of government there is no place for a man who wishes to act altogether independently of existing parties.

In reference to Mr. Michener's suggestion that farmers should be given loans at a low rate of interest, the premier scouted the idea that they wanted or required paternal legislation. All that was necessary was that they should be given a chance to make a fair living for themselves in the ordinary way. The opposition leader had asked that the erection of expensive buildings be postponed till the farmers' interests were better looked after, but later went on to advocate the erection of more law offices, which certainly came within the category of expensive buildings.

The gift of fluency and directness of speech the premier possesses to an exceptional degree. This meaning is never a matter of doubt. When he has a point to make against an opponent, he clinches it in unimpeachable fashion. To say a biting thing comes naturally to him. His great weakness will be in indulging this tendency. His language is, on the whole, exceedingly well chosen. His frequent reiteration of the phrase

A Liberal caucus was held on Wednesday night, when it is understood the government's policy in regard to the A. and G. W. was under discussion. Many sensational rumors have been afloat as to the course which is intended to pursue in fact. In any case an announcement must soon be made and speculation in the meanwhile is quite futile.

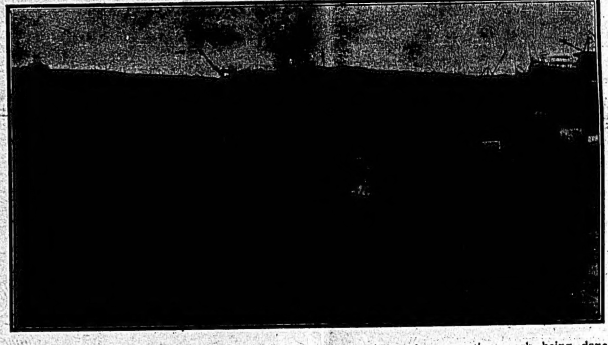
THE FINDINGS OF THE JUDICIAL COMMISSION

The report of the judicial commission, investigating the A. & G. W. transaction, taken as a whole, is quite satisfactory to those among whom it had confidence in Mr. Rutherford's administration, and believe that the agitation of the earlier part of the year was founded mainly on misrepresentation and innuendo. None of the judges find any evidence to substantiate the charges against the ministers profited by the bargain. This is all that was required of them. Under the system by which ordinary justice is administered in this country, all that judge or jury is called

able cost of the road. The language with respect to Mr. Goddard's report, made in Nov. 1908, will bear quoting. According to the judges, he "submitted a report to Dr. Waddell, in which he estimated the cost of the road at between \$6,000 and \$7,000 a mile. It is to be observed, however, that this estimate does not include all the items of cost, but it is almost exactly one-half of the estimate of Dr. Waddell of October 3rd, for the items it does include." What is the impression which this conveys to the casual reader, but that Mr. Goddard thought the road could be built for a figure a trifle in excess of \$6,000 or \$7,000 a mile?

At the same time they lay stress on Dr. Waddell's advice to Mr. Clarke that the road could be built for \$12,000 per mile. Why then the judges mention are those set forth in the sentence or so quoted from their report.

A CENTRE OF ACTIVITY



Looking across the Edmonton side of the river, showing the excavation work being done on the C. P. R.'s immense high level bridge, with the new parliament buildings at the top of the hill. In the foreground is Mr. John Walter's new freight store at "Strathcona."

"this country" mars his deliverance to a certain extent, however. It cropped out fifteen times within twenty minutes (actual count by the watch) at one stage.

Mr. Bennett was the familiar element in Monday's debate. But it is doubtful if he has ever given a better speech. He did not let his words run away with him to the same extent as in the past, and if he could only hold himself very much in reserve, one of his speeches would be a model of which he would rank very high as a debater. The speech was full of epigram and a humor which was enjoyed by all. The methods of the stump and, in its representation of Red Deer.

The Premier's reply was later described by Mr. Bennett in characteristic language. The ranting talk of the schoolboy would be, he declared, a patriotic utterance compared with it. A more nonsensical, puerile speech had never come from a responsible Prime Minister in the whole of history. But Mr. Bennett was not taking himself seriously and nobody else did. It is true that Mr. Sifton's was no labored exposition of abstract principle. It was redolent of the methods of the stump and, in an especial measure, of those associated with the political career of the junior Calgary member.

Some people might consider this a matter for criticism but it was strange to have the objection raised by Mr. Bennett himself. It was full of keen sallies and it is doubtless greater master of sarcasm than the Alberta Premier. Mr. Michener had left himself open in many ways and Mr. Sifton made the most of his opportunities. The member for Red Deer was elected as an independent, and laid great stress on his independence of thought and action. A public man, he declared, should be larger than his party.

This the Premier sharply challenged. No good Liberal, he declared, would make such a claim, "certainly" no member of the Government. It was a very "swift" utterance, indeed, that had taken place in Mr. Michener's case from an independent, who was

upon to decide is whether a person accused is innocent or guilty. Unless he can be proven guilty, his innocence is assumed. Is there any excuse for adopting a different practice in the present instance? Should public men who have borne unsullied reputations and have performed no inconsiderable services to the country not have at least as fair a deal as is given a criminal? It is because the nature of the report of Justice Scott and Harvey has given an opportunity to enemies of the late ministers to continue the attacks on their conduct, that we, under the leadership of the Edmonton Bulletin they are not slow to take advantage, and because the ground on which they base their suspicions is in many respects so faulty that this journal, for one, believes that they are fairly open to criticism. At the same time the minority report presented by Justice Beck is so clear, and comprehensive a statement and answers the contentions of his colleagues so forcibly, that we have no doubt as to the effect which the report of Justice Scott and Harvey, after being carefully perused by a person who approaches it without prejudice, will have.

Criticism of a judge is not a task which a responsible journalist lightly undertakes. For this reason, The Saturday News has always been very doubtful of the wisdom of asking members of the judiciary to undertake enquiries that have a political bearing. The advantages of the system are obvious, but they are outweighed by the inevitable lowering of the prestige of the Bench, which must come from being dragged into a political discussion. In this case, however, there is no alternative. When two judges make certain statements which are manifestly wrong, and reach conclusions that are very much open to question, it is not reasonable to expect that they have to say to pass unchallenged.

After making a historical review of the events which led up to the bargain, the majority report first undertakes to show that in order to get a large guarantee as possible from the government, the railway engineers juggled their figures as to the prob-

able and general common sense to free itself from such suspicion as would attach to the excess of the requirements of the situation. Was it unreasonable to give a guarantee to the extent of \$20,000 a mile for a railroad north of Edmonton when the Dominion government had granted the C. N. R. aid at the rate of \$25,000 a mile after it reached a point fifty miles west of the city. Or when the Ontario government, with the country settled to a large extent and expenses of construction so much less, in Alberta aided the same road in building from Toronto to Sudbury to the extent of \$20,000 per mile? Did either the Dominion or the Ontario governments have the exact information, in either of these cases, in regard to the country to be traversed that the judges think that the Alberta government should have had respecting that between Edmonton and Fort McMurray?

As to the rate of interest, it was fixed at five per cent in order that from the Dominion's point of view, the amount should be realized to have the full \$20,000 per mile available. Considering the nature of the undertaking, it was thought that 5 per cent would be necessary to ensure this. The majority judges cite the prices obtained in Alberta for four per cent and state that there seems little doubt that the province's guarantee would be quite as valuable in the one case as in the other. The character of the undertaking need not be considered. It is difficult to understand such a statement. Mr. Bennett admitted to make a point at the expense of the character of the undertaking did make a decided difference and we have only to turn to the record of the prices brought by Canadian bonds in the London stock exchange to see that this is the case. The record for the year in which this bargain was made, we find that Grand Trunk Pacific four per cent, guaranteed by the Dominion, was sold at 91 3/4, while the Dominion's own three per cent, never went lower than 94. This should surely be fairly conclusive on this point.

Stress is laid on the fact that Mr. Minty in writing to Mr. Clarke refers to the late attorney-general as "my friend" and the question is asked why a man whose duty it was to protect the interests of the province should be thus referred to by a promoter? If two judges had not used this argument, it would suggest, a painful effort to make a point at the expense of a public man in the absence of evidence against him? Mr. Cross never denied that he was anxious to get this road built, convinced as he was of all that it meant to the province. In view of his persistent advocacy of the project, why should it cause surprise that he should have been referred to by Mr. Minty? If the project was in the public interest, he was discharging his duty, and his plain duty in assuming an attitude of friendliness towards it. The criticism of the government in respect to the late attorney-general's conduct, incorporating act of certain provisions of the general railway act, the bonding of capital allowed, and the small amount of capital required, was all answered completely by Justice Beck, as they were in the legislative hall and against the evidence of the law. The same observation applies to what the two judges have to say about the payment on completion of ten mile sections. This was the method adopted in Manitoba. Mr. Kuterford explained at length, and to the satisfaction of most people, why he thought the province was fully protected. Nor was his explanation as to why the mileage of 350 miles was adopted, which Justice Beck unhesitatingly accepts, any less convincing.

The majority report thinks it strange that Mr. Clarke's proposition should have been entertained and that of the Athabasca syndicate, which required less money and a less guarantee. There were two reasons. When the latter scheme was presented, the government had formulated its railway policy, believing that the Dominion should give the encouragement that was needed. In the second place, Mr. Clarke had satisfied the ministers that he had the necessary financial connection to build the road had not. It was a first necessity before negotiations were taken up, that this assurance should be given.

These are the main points dealt with in the two reports. The majority judges, which adducing every possible circumstance which could place the less money and a less guarantee in a position that there was not enough to warrant a definite conclusion against them. The Saturday News, after following their argument in detail, is firmly of the opinion that even such a case as they have made out is based almost wholly on misstatements and errors. These, we believe, will also be the final verdict of the people of the province, who take the trouble to read the findings for themselves, and in such a matter as this it is they who must constitute the ultimate Court of Appeal.

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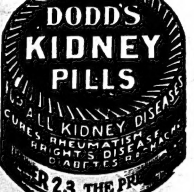
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**IN MEMORIAM.**

"Is it well with the child?
"It is well."

But dark the clouds—
While we, like children wandering
mid the gloom,
Faint at the lengthening shadows
larger loom.

As falls the night.

And dark the night—
How dark we know not till the even-
ing pitchy night.

Is lost in blackness—we from whom
Alone—
And we alone!

And sorrow-bowed beneath the
light,
Alone, and sobbing for the vanished
light,
As children cry.

We weep alone—
Oh pain, Oh pathos, of the silent
night,
Oh cruel, the yearning for the loved
and dear.

Passed, now, from sight,
Are we alone?

No Heart our heart with sympathy
to cheer?
No friendly Pilot, skill'd our course
to steer?

Are we alone?

And in the dark?
Nor far, nor near, nor Lamp to light
the gloom?

Nought, mid the murk, to point be-
yond the tomb?
Nought but the dark?

Oh faithless phrase!
To mortal ken—the sable-robed sad
night!

To faith—the star of hope beams,
fixed and bright,
Alas, yet near.

While so near—
Alone but glimmering distant, dimly
seen

When mists of earth begotten—
veil its sheen,
Yet ever there.

Aye, ever there—
God's star, above earth's clouds, for
the faithful fathers

Hope's light, first lighted on that
Easter Morn
When Christ arose.

He—risen—speaks:
"Rest in My love, O heart with sor-
row rife,
I am the Resurrection and the Life,
Rest thou on Me."

We—wear—rest:
Increase, O Lord, our faith: Upheld
by Thee,
Grant us to trust, although we may
not see

Till Thy Day break.

A. M.

The man upstairs is pounding a
way at the typewriter. I wonder
how any one can think to them!
This has been called the mechanical
age. I am old-fashioned enough not
to like the idea of articles and stories
written to the monotonous click of
such instruments.

It has always been my idea that
some day, given the proper chance,
I could write rather readable yarns.
But in my scheme of things I saw a
big old-fashioned room, great gen-
erous windows pouring in their clouds
of sunshine, or at night by beau-
tiful old-candle-light, no telephone,
nor anything that spelt disturbance
or interruption. I could realize it.

This is one of my dreams; my
dream in Spain. Shall I ever at-
tain unto it?

Do you ever think, though, that
stress, not isolation and restfulness
produce the big things of life?

Often have I wondered in certain
businesses myself and I have been
engaged in, had ruin, and not kind
fortune, attended our efforts how we
should have faced our Waterloo.

Almost, let me whisper it, I think
I should have been a writer. I
should have had to begin
my own again. Do you remember
Sir Walter Scott's story, Mark
Twain's. Oh a hundred come to my
mind. Each had come to that turn
in the road when ruin, or mighty
work started them in the face. And
they faced the situation, like men.
Think with what results.

I almost believe that if I had to,
I could work to some purpose. I
know we most of us could. But we
are so busy with the non-essentials
of living—this miserable, unprofit-
able getting and spending, that life
slips by with nothing done. How
many men and women, at the end of
things have whispered hopelessly,
"So much to do, so little done."

The "vision" or right perspective of
existence came too late.
On George Meredith's tomb-stone
they had placed the quotation from
"Vittoria":
"Life is but a little holding.
Sent to do a mighty labour."
I know a few men and women who
realize this.

Last week there drifted into my
den the woman I have spent five
years on West in looking for. I
shall call her the Prairie Woman.
I have always known that some-
time, somewhere, I should find her,

because, well just because she had
to be.

A homestead on the prairies was
bound to produce her.

Pioneer homes, back East, doubt-
less turned out many of her type.
But when I was born, the day of the
woman brought had passed by. The
conventional females in my own
time had taken her place.

My prairie woman was all and
more than I could have hoped for
and a newspaper woman into the
bargain.

Down in Manitoba she has hand-
led alone three paper ventures.
And when I say handled, I mean
gone out and taken the press to
pieces to see where the mechanism
had gone wrong, gone out, on the
street soliciting advertising, written
ads, editorial, all and sundry that
an all-round man could do. But this
phase of her life is the least inter-
esting. Let me tell you of the early
years.

About 1870 a prosperous mill-own-
er, back east, had to face financial
ruin. You may have guessed it,
my prairie woman's father.

He was a proud man, the mill-
owner, so proud that the thought of
living on where he had always lived,
was unbearable to him, and so he
gathered his little family of seven
or eight about him, and set his face
on the only possible road to rehab-
ilitation, the distant, and little known
West.

My prairie woman remembers all
that eventful journey. She
was suffering from ague at the time,
and every day as the wagon lumbered
along she was laid out on her
mother's knee, her teeth chattering
like dice in a box, to get the benefit
of the warm sunshine.

They were eleven in one wagon,
uncle and aunt and their children
accompanying them.

There were two bridges and a
nearly every fording of a stream they
were hopelessly mired, until some
other homesteader happened along
when one helped the other.

Finally they reached their destina-
tion. I could tell you did you
permit of their two hens and one
cow, the hens called after their
donors, Beulah and Parsons.

These two stood in the relation of
children, rather than pets, to the
family.

It was a day of woe, when "Beu-
lah" just for instance, turned up her
little toes.

One dollar's worth of sugar, in
those days, lasted so large a house-
hold, a year. On a certain occasion
the father bought a gallon of
golden syrup. It was kept for
company's occasions, when the
spoonful went to a helping. It was
set as a piece of resistance in a tall
glass tumbler in the centre of the
table, and the small folk's eyes, sit-
tled, as they gazed expectantly up-
on it.

There was no such institution as
a school. No newspapers, no mag-
azines. In such surroundings, an
ill-fitted by contact with a mother
of beautiful mind and a hard-work-
ing father, with the free, heartsome
prairie air to stimulate them, these
human weed grew and flourished.
At twenty-one the big chance came
to the prairie girl.

An uncle in Winnipeg offered to
board her free for a few months,
so that she might go to school. At
twenty-one.

It was a great day in the family
history. I think the father borrowed
about sixty dollars at the "store"
to make the venture. His enter-
prise staggered the scattered com-
munity.

To this day the girl has never for-
gotten what a good sport her city
cousin was, who met her at the sta-
tion. Though she was painfull-
ly conscious of her appearance in
contrast with the other travellers,
he never flattered an eyelid.

A gentleman, your service
This began her school career.
In a class where the other scholars
averaged six and nine years, this
girl whose thirst for schooling was
insatiable, poured long and diligen-
tly over her books.

You might have known she would
"arrive" some day. And you might
know that out of these experiences
no ordinary woman could emerge. At
Toronto University I have heard it
said that the bulk of the earnest
scholars who take their studies seri-
ously, are the boys from the farm
rural school-teachers and the like,
to whom the opportunity of getting
an education appeals as the big priv-
ilege of their lives.

With such earnestness the prairie
girl set about acquiring knowledge.
Since that day she has taught
school herself, and from that time
on to the wider field of journalism.
Always she has retained her child's
appreciation of the deadly serious-
ness of living, and the obligations it
imposed. Life to her has a definite
purpose in view. You see how old-
fashioned she is.

She has some strange — in that
they are unconventional — ideas of

dress and such things, and what's
more she has the courage of her
convictions.

Her morals, and her mentality are
much finer than most of us can lay
claim to. But she has come to my
mind at this time, and in this con-
nection — mostly because of her
deadly earnestness, and because she
is one of the few, either men or
women, I know, who seem to realise
literally, that
Life, indeed, is but a little holding
Sent to do a mighty labour.

That I could have the courage so to
plan my life!

THE WONDER SHOP.

The stock is very low this week.
Look in the window, and note how
empty the shelves are.

There's a reason.
Having had the misfortune to step
on a rusty nail early in the week,
I have been kept so busy wondering
how I could have been such a stupid
creature as to do it, and how I'm
going to get about these busy busy
days with a little side speculation as
to how I'm going to stand the pain or
get any sleep that I don't care a
continental if shop keeps or no.

I heard that a man was wondering
if I wasn't sailing close to thin ice
in letting people wonder to the ex-
tent that I do.

Perhaps. But last night I whiled
away the hours between two and
five a.m. informing myself on first
aid to a person who tumbles into
the water off thin ice. Allow me
to put my recently-acquired knowl-
edge at your service, and you might
just look the subject up for yourself
in case I stand in need of your skill.

Referred to the Youth's Compan-
ion, date November 10th, 1910.

English and American
Leaders

The late Goldwin Smith, in writ-
ing, shortly before his death, about
the years he spent in the United
States, referred to a visit he paid
to the city of Washington. One
thing that impressed him was the pre-
dominance of the military element
in the stipular of the squares. Then
he was moved to ask:

"Why is it that the Americans, an
industrial people, are such worship-
ers of military glory? Why was the
figure chosen to stand in front of the
White House the victor?—it is called
the victory of New Orleans—was
called a victory of New Orleans—was
ramping on a war-horse, when he
ought to be crouching behind a cot-
ton bale? Why have there been so
many military presidents, and nom-
inees for the presidency, while Eng-
land, an old war-power, has had only
one military Prime Minister, and that
one chosen, not on military grounds,
but because he was one of the lead-
ing statesmen of Europe?"

There has been a somewhat re-
markable preference for soldiers
elected by the people of the indus-
trial republic, next door. No doubt
when we seek a reason we find it in
the fact that Presidents are elected
by the votes of the whole nation, and
a general who has distinguished him-
self in war is more widely known
and makes a stronger appeal to the
popular imagination than others.

If the British Prime Minister were
dependent for his election on the
popular vote—under manhood fran-
chise—it is not at all probable that
Mr. Asquith would occupy the post.
Nor Mr. Balfour, nor Lord Lans-
downe, nor any other among those
who have near or remote chances of
holding the office.

When a Prime Minister elected in England in the
same way as a President is chosen
in the United States, it is not prob-
able that after the Boer War his
great popularity would have landed
Lord Roberts in the office, unless he
had stepped aside in favor of Lord
Kitchener. The idolatry of military
heroes persists in all countries.

In America Ulysses Grant, rising
from an obscure place, became a
great soldier, and having won the
admiration of his countrymen, they
made him



Just taste it.
There is nothing so
delicious & wholesome
as
Boyd's
CHOCOLATES
W.J. BOYD CANDY CO
WINNIPEG

THE ANCHOR

By Nancy Byru Turner

We watched the gentle hours go past,
That strange, bright afternoon—our last
Forevermore in the old place,
Surely the moments moved apace!
Tomorrow we would mark the beat
Of the unresting city street,
Would answer to the still that stirred
Our still content, today we heard
Over and over, as one hears,
A patient clock's appointed word,
"The long, long years—the long, long years."
It sounded in our hearts the cry,
Of a forsaken heritage,
As we stole out to say goodbye,
In a last pilgrimage.

All down the bordered walk quaint
hands reached detaining hands:
The white gates would have stayed
our feet:

Outside, the clover, summer-sweet,
Ruffled and rippled through and
through,
With every vagrant breeze that
blew,

We chose the grassy lane unbound
To the low-lying meadow-ground—
Caplike between the hills and dim
With blue air shimmering to the
brim.

The corn-field, next, 'Twould not
be long,
Before those sturdy ranks and
strong,

Weary and old and dispossessed,
Pitched quiet tents for rest.
A step beyond, the north wood
spread,

Fair canopied and carpeted,
Its secret ours, that, yearly here,
Spring came, an eager pioneer,
With a loud call to boot and bird
Before she would was sure she stirred.

The very breath of things stood
still,
Above, the old house on the hill,
Brooding and tranquil with its high
Straight chimneys, climbing to the
sky.

Seemed gravely watching, guardian-
wise,
Looking with clear, unshuttered
eyes,
"Dear home!" We lingered on to see
Secure, forgetting utterly.

So led the path, a circling way
Golden with light of passing day.
At the gray fence the bars were
down,

The orchard wore a ruddy gown;
Tall daisies, fair and slender-stem-
med,
Shouldered low bushes, berry-
gemmed;

Wild honeysuckle, tangle-tied,
Set fragrant pitfalls, far and wide,
Up to the boundary hedge. And
there,

Leaning to read the sunset sky,
We saw, below us, suddenly,
The little graveyard square,
So solemn, so serene a thing!
Our mute eyes met, remembering.

She sobbed, "Ah, think, when we are
gone
He will be sleeping here alone—
So little and so lonely here
When night like this is creeping
near!"

The cedars swayed in sighing way:
On her bowed head their shadows
lay:
My words were weak. She under-
stood,

How heaven held his babyhood
Safe, happy, where it might not
miss
Our ministry, she granted this,
Each promise was a comforter,
Naming him with the holy dead,
And yet, when all was told, she wept
"We laid him here once while he
slept!"

Unto the other heart of her
It was his cradle bed.

"Nay, at his last we cannot go.
Whatever takes us, weal or woe,
Henceforth, for all the years to come
This shall be home!"

We met the twilight hand in hand,
Groping across the darkened land,
Fast the hushed clover; by the worn
Old way that but an hour before,
Restless, uncertain, we had trod,
And entered in and shut the door—
We and home and the little child,
And the peace of God.

OPEN TO QUESTION

"Odd that these things should
come in the same mail," said Mrs.
Wilding, as she finished her letters
and smiled across the table to her old
friend who was visiting her. "They're
such a contrast—one from the 'best'
fortunate, the other from the most
unfortunate woman I know."
"And which is which?"
"Oh, this elegant affair is from my
cousin Lillian. Handsome's no

name for her—perfectly well—rich—
angelic children—a husband who
worships her footprints. But this—
shaking her head over a cheap-looking
envelope—it's a pitiful story.
Poor old lady—proud as Lucifer—
Southerner, you know—brought up in
luxury—never learned to work, and
now left destitute, without a relative.
Old ladies' homes! She held the first.
She rents a room in a miserable part
of the city, and spends the daytime
hours in the public library. That's
where I met her. She thinks she
can write for publication, and she
probably could if she had begun years
ago. Once in a while she sells some-
thing, but there are days, I know,
when she nearly starves, though she'll
never admit that she needs anything
—except congenial companionship.
You see, she's a woman who knows
a line of good poetry as well as you
or I and she simply can't learn to mix
with the people. Her poverty makes
her live with so she's alone. I met
her two or three letters a week from her.
They're just cries out of solitude."

"You long-suffering—"
"I'm not through. Just let me
read you a bit from each of these."

"Nothing has happened, but every-
thing's changed. Bobby has left. There's
a trained nurse in the house, and you
know what a nuisance they are. At first
Horace was determined we'd put off our
trip and broil here until Bobby was
well—you know we had planned to take
him with us; but after arguing till half
the pleasure of the holiday is spoiled, I
changed his mind. Then my new gown is a
pettish fizzle. The higher-priced a
tailor is, the more trouble I have to
get anything done right."

"That's enough, I guess, to get the
contrast. Now listen to the old
lady."

"I had such a surprise this morn-
ing. The attendant in the reading-
room at the library let me keep that
little fern you gave me standing on
the table at the end of which I al-
ways sit, and when I came in I found
its pot covered with beautiful green
crape tissue, tied with a new ribbon,
and a card that said, 'I am a stranger-
er to you, but I wanted to dress your
fern because I have watched you lov-
ing it day by day, and it has been a
great lesson to me to see how much
joy you could get out of one little bit
of the beautiful.' My dear, the tears
came to my eyes! It has been a very
happy day."

"Another thing I have meant to
tell you about. There is an old dray-
horse that happens to be always
standing at a certain corner when I
pass on the way to my room at night,
and whenever I can I give him a
hump of sugar. Would you believe it?
He knows me now, and as soon as I
am in sight, he tries to come up on
the sidewalk to meet me. No matter
how sad I am it brings a smile. I
just tell it to you because it is one
of the things that have come into my
life."

Mrs. Wilding stopped. "Probably
saves the sugar that comes with her
cup of coffee in a cheap restaurant
and gives it to the old horse," she
said. "One of the little things that
have come into my life! Isn't it
pathetic?"

Her friend nodded, with eyes
moist. "But—which one of those
women did you say was unfortun-
ate?" she asked—Youth's Companion.

"The explanation of this victory is
not so much anti-British as anti-
everything except narrow French-
Canadian extremism. If Canada were
to declare for independence she
would require to develop her defensive
forces. It is inconceivable that this
country, if an independent nation,
would tolerate existence on the mere
suffrage of Japan or the United
States. The Bourassa-Monk propo-
sitions, therefore, would be as much
called for against independence as
against Britishism. Similarly, it
would be called for against annexa-
tion. The Bourassa-crit cannot be
logically explained, therefore, as
merely special anti-British prejudice,
although there is undoubtedly a lot of
that in it. It can be explained logi-
cally only through the medium of the
question: Where does Bourassa want
to go? This country has to get
somewhere out of its present disreput-
able status—namely, the status of a
wealthy and prosperous country
which is not paying a fair share to-
wards the support of the flag that
protects it. Ostensibly we can go
only towards either Britishism or in-

dependence or annexation. Any of
the three means defensive expendi-
ture. Mr. Bourassa says that is a
crime. Logically, he must equally
oppose all three. Logically, there-
fore, he must desire some other fu-
ture than either of the three. The
only other future conceivable is a
breaking up of the Dominion and the
evolution of an independent French
Canada. This is the Bourassa-Monk
trend. Laurier and Borden are Cana-
dians, Bourassa and Monk are mere
French-Canadian extremists who
possibly do not even analyze them-
selves what they really want.

WHAT TWO COUNTRY BOYS
HAVE DONE.

In 1870 an awkward, overgrown
boy from the country appeared at
Toronto University to attend lec-
tures. His fellow students, noticing
his uncouth appearance and the
marks of the farm which still clung
to him, promptly christened him
"cowheels." This country boy re-
cently succeeded in winning the
Newfoundland Fisheries Dispute
from the United States before the
Hague Tribunal. His name is Hon.
A. B. Aylesworth, Minister of
Justice for Canada.

Another country boy who arrived
in Toronto about the same time
found employment in a wholesale

house. He had the privilege of
walking a mile and a half each
morning, working for twelve hours
and then walking the same distance
back at night—all for the munificent
salary of two dollars a week. This
boy's salary did not remain at two
dollars very long, for his employ-
ers soon discovered the stuff of
which he was made and rapidly ad-
vanced him. In course of time he
became head of one of the largest
stores in Canada. Then began un-
der his direction the development of
a mail order business, which even-
tually covered the Dominion from

the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the
Great Lakes to Hudson's Bay.

This country boy was H. H. Pud-
gerson, now president of the Robert
Simpson Company. During the
past year one of Mr. Pudgerson's de-
arest ambitions has been realized—
that of serving every resident of the
Dominion on exactly equal terms.
His house was the first to inaugu-
rate the policy of shipping goods
free of delivery charges to any dis-
tinction in Canada. Any of our read-
ers can get a free copy of the
Simpson Mail Order catalogue by
writing for it.

The People of Edmonton
will find in the
IMPERIAL BANK of CANADA
Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1.00 and upwards).
Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.
All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of our
Depositors.
A special room is provided for women.
Married Women and Minors may make deposits and withdraw the same
without the intervention of any person.

Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000 Capital Subscribed \$5,628,700
Capital Paid Up, \$5,400,000.00 Reserve Fund, \$5,400,000.00

Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall and Jasper
Edmonton West End Branch, 619 Jasper West
Your Savings Account
is solicited.
G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK
Manager

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Sale**
— of —
**SEPARATE
COATS**

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\$20.00 Coats	\$9.50
\$18.00 Coats	\$8.50
\$15.00 Coats	\$6.50

Clearing out this Department
entirely. ANY COAT IN
STOCK AT LESS THAN
COST PRICE.

Forbes-Taylor Co.
Costumiers
283 Jasper Ave., West

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Our Cut glass is the prod-
uct of the best factories, as
is quite noticeable by its
brilliance and fine cutting.
Come in and see these beau-
tiful goods.

G. F. WATCHER
Jeweller and Optician
124 Jasper Avenue, East

**Lowney's
Chocolates**

A shipment of nice fresh
goods just in today. Try a
box.

J. F. McCallum
DRUGGIST
230 Jasper Ave. W. Phone 2062

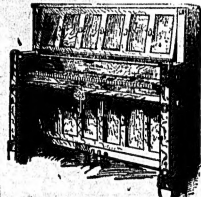
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When wanting your
next sack of flour ask
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Fancy Patent Flour
Handled by all grocers and flour
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Campbell & Ottowell

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When it comes to a question of
genius musical worth, the superi-
ority of the

Mason & Risch
Piano

is conceded by all fair-minded cri-
tics. Its unrivalled tone, its flaw-
less action and its marvellous dura-
bility have established it firmly in
the position of the



**World's Most Perfect
Piano**

Its lasting qualities make it the
cheapest piano to buy, while the sat-
isfaction of owning the "BEST" pi-
ano with the enjoyment of its su-
perb musical resources is ample
compensation for any self-denial
which may be necessary to secure it.
Will you come and see these truly
great pianos?
Terms arranged to suit each pur-
chaser.

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IN THE HOME—

The GRAM-O-PHONE can be made to represent
much more than merely an amusement—a careful se-
lection from the Victor repertoire of over 3,000 records
can make it a strong educational influence. There are no minds
so easy to cultivate to an appreciation of the best
in music as those of children. Victor Records in-
clude the classic symphonies of great composers,
sacred music by celebrated choirs, the rare voices of
the greatest operatic stars, etc., etc., as well as the
popular airs of the day. For, from \$15 up, you can buy

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Factory Branch 136 Jasper West



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delicious & wholesome
as
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CHOCOLATES
W.J. BOYD CANDY CO
WINNIPEG

Clearing Out Sale — of — SEPARATE COATS

\$5.00 Coats	\$12.00
\$6.00 Coats	\$9.50
\$8.00 Coats	\$5.50
\$5.00 Coats	\$ 6.50

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THE ANCHOR

By Nancy Byrd Turner

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Tomorrow we would mark the beat
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Over and over, as one hears,
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Outside, the clover, summer-sweet,
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We chose the grassy lane unbound
To the low-lying meadow-ground—
Cup-like between the hills and dune
With blue air shimmering to the
brim.
The corn-field, next, 'T would not
be long,
Before those sturdy ranks and
strong,
Weary and old and dispossessed,
Pitched quiet tents for rest.
A step beyond, the north wind
spread,
Fair carpeted and carpeted,
Its secret ours, that, yearly here,
Spring came, an eager pioneer,
With a loud call to bud and bird
Before the world was sure she stir-
red.
The very breath of things stood
still.

Above, the old house on the hill,
Brooding and tranquil with its high
Straight chimneys, climbing to the
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Seemed gravely watching, guardian-
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Looking with clear, unshuttered
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Old ladies' home? S'he'd die first.
She rents a room in a miserable part
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joy you could get out of one little bit
of the beautiful.' My dear, the tears
came to my eyes! It has been a very
happy day."

"Another thing I have meant to
tell you about. There is an old dray-
horse that happens to be always
standing at a certain corner when I
pass on the way to my room at
night, and whenever I can I give
him a lump of sugar. Would you
believe it? He knows me now, and
as soon as I am in sight, he tries to
come up on the sidewalk to meet me.
No matter how sad I am it brings a
smile. I just tell it to you because
it is one of the things that have
come into my life."

Mrs. Wilding stopped. "Probably
saves the sugar that comes with her
cup of coffee in a cheap restaurant
and gives it to the old horse," she
said. "One of the little things that
have come into my life! Isn't it
pathetic?"

Her friend nodded, with eyes
moist. "But—which one of those
women did you say was unfortun-
ate?" she asked—Youth's Companion.

NARROW FRENCH-CANADIAN EXTREMISM

(From the Ottawa Journal, Con.)

The victory of the Bourassa-Monk
cause was a victory not over Liberals
but over the proposition that Canada
should do anything of any kind in the
way of preparation either to help in
the defence of the British Empire or
for pure self-defence.
"The explanation of this victory is
not so much anti-British as anti-
everything except narrow French-
Canadian extremism. If Canada were
to declare for independence she
would require to develop her destruc-
tive forces. It is inconceivable that
this country, if an independent nation,
would tolerate existence on the mere
suffrage of Japan or the United
States. The Bourassa-Monk propa-
ganda, therefore, would be as much
called for against independence as
against Britishism. Similarly it
would be called for against annexa-
tion. The Bourassa cult cannot be
logically explained, therefore, as
merely special anti-British prejudice,
although there is undoubtedly a lot
of that in it. It can be explained logi-
cally only through the medium of the
question: Where does Bourassa want
to go? This country has to go
somewhere out of its present disre-
putable status—namely, the status of a
wealthy and prosperous country
which, by not paying a fair share to
the support of the flag that
protects it. Obviously we can go
only towards either Britishism or in-

dependence or annexation. Any of
the three means defensive expendi-
ture. Mr. Bourassa says that is a
crime. Logically, he must equally
oppose all three. Logically, there-
fore, he must desire some other fu-
ture than either of the three. The
only other future conceivable is a
breaking up of the Dominion and the
evolution of an independent French
Canada. This is the Bourassa-Monk
trend. Laurier and Borden are Cana-
dians, Bourassa and Monk are merely
French-Canadian extremists who
possibly do not even analyze them-
selves what they really want.

WHAT TWO COUNTRY BOYS HAVE DONE.

In 1870 an awkward, overgrown
boy from the country appeared at
Toronto University to attend lec-
tures. His fellow students, noticing
his uncouth appearance and the
marks of the farm which still clung
to him, promptly christened him
"cowheels." This country boy re-
cently succeeded in winning the
Newfoundland Fisheries Dispute
from the United States before the
Hague Tribunal. His name is Hon.
A. B. Aylesworth, Minister of Jus-
tice for Canada.
Another country boy who arrived
in Toronto about the same time
found employment in a wholesale

house. He had the privilege of
walking a mile and a half each
morning, working for twelve hours
and then walking the same distance
back at night—all for the meagre
salary of two dollars a week. This
boy's salary did not remain at two
dollars very long, for his employ-
ers soon discovered the stuff of
which he was made and rapidly ad-
vanced him. In course of time he
became head of one of the largest
stores in Canada. Then began un-
der his direction the development of
a mail order business, which even-
tually covered the Dominion from

the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the
Great Lakes to Hudson's Bay.
This country boy was J. H. Pud-
ger, now president of the Robert
Simpson Company. During the
past year one of Mr. Pudger's de-
arest ambitions has been realised—
that of serving every resident of the
Dominion on exactly equal terms.
His house was the first to inaugu-
rate the policy of shipping goods
free of delivery charges to any des-
tination in Canada. Any of our read-
ers can get a free copy of the
Simpson Mail Order catalogue by
writing for it.

The People of Edmonton will find in the IMPERIAL BANK of CANADA Well-equipped Savings Department

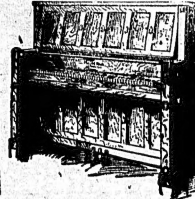
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All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of
our Depositors.
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without the intervention of any person.
Capital Authorized, \$10,000,000 Capital Subscribed \$5,628,700
Capital Paid Up, \$5,400,000.00 Reserve Fund, \$5,400,000.00
Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall and Jasper
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Your Savings Account is solicited. G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK
Manager

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is conceded by all fair-minded crit-
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Its lasting qualities make it the
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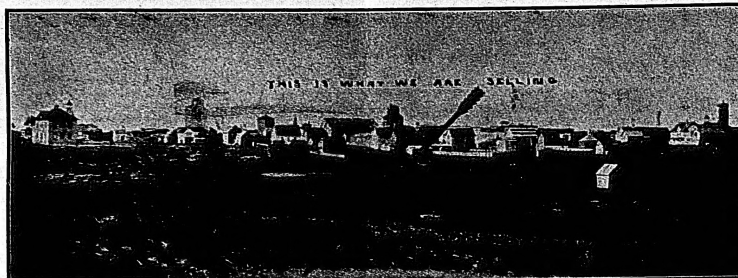
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(THE TOWN THAT WAS BORN LUCKY)



8

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AND HERE THEY ARE

1. Upright Grand Mendelssohn Player Piano on view at Harmony Hall. Suckling's Piano Store, value \$750.
2. Handsome Bell Organ, value \$125, also on view Harmony Hall windows.
3. Saddle Horse, to be selected.
4. Underwood Typewriter, on view at Underwood Typewriter Co., First street, City.
5. Cutter, on view at Powell & Co. Implement Warehouse, value \$60.
6. Singer Sewing Machine, on view Singer Sewing Machine Store, Jasper avenue, value \$50.
7. Gent's Stock Saddle, value \$40, on view at Mr. Clark's Harness Store, Jasper avenue.
8. Lady's or Gent's Solid Gold Watch, value \$25 and \$30, on view windows of Jackson Bros., Jewellers, Jasper avenue.

The unsold portion of Camrose Townsite, owned by The Camrose Townsite Co., McNamara & Picard, will be entirely sold out, consisting of 450 lots, on

Friday, Saturday and Monday

November 25th, 26th and 28th at

PUBLIC AUCTION

at the Hourston Hall, Jasper Ave., next Windsor Hotel, at 7.30 prompt every evening

by Robert Smith, Auctioneer of the Seton-Smith Co., Real Estate Brokers, Edmonton. This property is positively situate in the middle of Camrose—not outlying land. It is surrounded by large industrial concerns on the one side and elaborate residential properties on the other. This opportunity is one in a lifetime—will you seize it? We are giving away eight valuable prizes—not to get rid of the property because it is inferior, but to act as an incentive to people to sit up and take notice. Below are

THE CONDITIONS

In the windows of one of the leading merchants of the city (name to be announced later) will be found a glass bottle containing Haricot Beans. It is up to you to guess the number of beans in the bottle. There is not a living soul knows how many there are there and dead men tell no lies.

Every purchaser of lots gets one guess for each lot he purchases and the correct or nearest correct guesser will receive first prize, and so on to the eighth. Now, gentlemen and ladies, children and babies, you can all participate. Get busy.

... Lots Range From \$35 to \$100 ...

Terms: One-quarter Cash, balance 3, 6, 9, 12 months. No Interest.

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63 McDougall Ave. South, Edmonton. Phone 1611

Home and Society

Between the popularity of our Calgary visitors, and the enterprise of the hostesses at the Capital, this week has been a gala one.

A perfect torrent of teas and bridges, and dinners, and dear only knows what other distractions that demanded time and a veritable gold goose to supply the necessary lovely party frocks. Almost, it seems to me, there has been too much crowded into so few days. One would have preferred not quite so much of a muchness. But then so popular a little coterie of fair Calgarians, do not often descend upon this New York of the North, and as they are fair but false, there is in their allegiance to Edmonton, we must kill them with kindness and let them go. Hostesses busied with each in entertaining them, one and all, and probably, this week more Edmonton women have met on friendly terms at one time with more women of the Southern City, than ever before. This is a move in the right direction.

The house-party at Premier and Mrs. Sifton's must feel like spending a fortnight's rest by some sea waves. Invitations have deluged them, and as they all seem to have a fairy chest of pretty gowns to draw upon, they must have in half the day, at least, in changing their frocks.

Friday's first Assembly at the Cecil Hotel, passed off most successfully. If I may be allowed a word of criticism, it is that it was a trifle too crowded. The Golf Dinner, at that sense, was much the more enjoyable. However, the music furnished by Turner's Orchestra was exceptionally good, the frocks were very smart, the floor excellent, and everyone was in the best of spirits and ready to enter heartily into the evening's pleasure.

Mrs. Sifton's party were all very modishly gowned. Mrs. Sifton wearing the elegant bisque lace toilet, so much admired at the Premier's reception.

Mrs. Clarke Dennis was stunning in a Paris creation of violet charmeuse satin with an overdress of violet Dresden chiffon. Mrs. Nolan was very much admired in a very handsome white lace, and a lovely embroidered scarf in olive blue, and Mrs. Van Wart had on a very smart frock of pink charmeuse satin, veiled in a chiffon with touches of Delft blue.

Mrs. Cross was in soft apple-green charmeuse with touches of gold. Madame Dubuc of Winnipeg, a sister-in-law of Mr. Lucien Dubuc, was very pretty and admired in corn colored silk with pippings of a winish rose shade. Mrs. McCarthy, of Calgary, looked very sweet in a beautiful white gown with quantities of lace. Mrs. T. W. Lines was in iridescent green chiffon, over a pale pink, and looking very handsome. Mrs. Donald Macdonald was in a white gown spangled net, with touches of pink and Miss Kerr, of Cobourg, wore an elegant white brocaded satin frock. Mrs. James Biggar was in lace Chantilly lace over white tulle. Mrs. Mowat-Biggar an exquisite shade of apple green. Mrs. Beck had on a very smart and attractive mauve dotted crepe de chine gown trimmed with dull gold jewelled passementerie. Mrs. Gowen wore a very handsome black sequined robe. Mrs. Buchanan, of Lethbridge, was notably pretty in pale blue striped silk, with an embroidered belt introducing old rose shades, and touches of black velvet. A much missed partner was Mrs. Pardee, always a moving spirit at such affairs. Unfortunately she was in bed with grippe, so what she was mainly instrumental in inaugurating, found her absent.

There were many more gowns and women well worth describing, but the careless fingers of a very young maid, undertook to destroy my program and notes, and my brain is too confused with many happenings to remember more.

Last week between the Saturday News moving its quarters one door up, and the consequent confusion of a whole column of my social news just for fun didn't put in an appearance. These things, most terribly annoying to me, will happen. I can only crave your forbearance. The account of Mrs. Lines' tea for Mrs. McCarthy, Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Kerr, and Mrs. Richardson, was among the items, which I have thought well to run in this week.

The Lieutenant-Governor is giving a dinner-party to the Cabinet and the Members of the Legislature on Tuesday next, in the fine dining-room of the King Edward Hotel.

A week from that night the Speaker gives his dinner in the same commodious quarters.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Duncan Smith had a huge bridge of twelve tables in her delightful home on 13th Street, when a number of out-of-town visitors, as well as the usual set, enjoyed a capital game.

Dr. and Mrs. Smith are a perfect host and hostess, and on Tuesday everyone seemed to enjoy thoroughly every moment spent under their roof.

Mrs. Smith received her guests in a magnificent tint of black net, spangled with gold, with very handsome deep gold beaded fringe falling the chameuse satin petticoat, this elegant toilette setting off to perfection Mrs. Smith's very handsome type.

Dr. Smith seconded his wife's

charming welcome, and after five progressions, a delicious supper was served.

Among those present, were Mrs. Cross, Mrs. D. L. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, of Lethbridge, the lady, wearing a strikingly lovely gown of black and white, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Richards and their guests, Mrs. Macdonald Hogg and Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Kerr, Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, Mr. and Mrs. Henwood, Mr. and Miss Baldwin, Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. Woods, of Calgary, Mr. and Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Nightingale and Miss Hudspeth, Mrs. Metcalfe and Mrs. Swaisland, Miss Shibley, Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Pouton, Miss Mackie, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, and a great many others.

Mrs. Dickens carried off the first prize and Mr. McLeod, the gentleman's.

Mrs. Percy Hardisty has issued cards of invitation to a tea this Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Rathbun, and her son, Mr. Ernest Rathbun, left for Toronto on Wednesday.

Mrs. Rathbun has been in town for seven or eight weeks, waking until Mr. Rathbun should be sufficiently recovered to take him back east with her.

For a number of months Mr. Rathbun was acting as a special reporter for both the Saturday News and Daily Capital, and I know from both papers, and a host of friends in Edmonton, the best wishes for his very speedy recovery will follow him.

Mrs. M. R. Jennings is giving a bridge of five or six tables this Saturday, for her guest, Mrs. Burt Woods, of Calgary.

On Wednesday Mrs. Jennings also had a box party at the theatre for the Calgary visitors in town, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Nolan, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Burt Woods being her guests. The party later went on to the King Edward Grill to a supper given by Mrs. Balmer Watt for the same popular visitors.

Madame Cote had a tiny tea on Wednesday afternoon for Mrs. Buchanan of Lethbridge, who, with her husband, is on pension at the Yale Hotel, and a host of friends in Edmonton, in his legislative duties.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Cornwall have leased Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woods, a residence of Sixth Street, for Christmas, when the latter are going to Southern California to spend the winter.

A quiet but very interesting double wedding was celebrated in pretty little Christchurch Chapel on Wednesday, November 16th, when Miss Herbert, formerly of England, who has been living on a ranch near Regina for the past year, came the bride of Maurice Milne, of Athabasca Landing, and Miss Milne, sister of Mr. Milne, was married to Mr. Herbert, brother of the first named bride. Mrs. Herbert and Mr. Herbert's brother were the only immediate relatives present. Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar, from whose house they were married, Mr. and Mrs. Hecote, and Mrs. Sanders, of Athabasca Landing, being the other invited guests.

The ceremony was performed at high noon, Mr. Biggar giving Miss Milne away, and Mrs. Herbert, her daughter.

Mr. Robert Herbert was the best man to both contracting parties, and Miss Sanders the only bridesmaid. Mr. Jeffery, the Rector of Christchurch, performed the ceremony, and Mr. Barford played the wedding marches.

The two young brides were both beautifully gowned, Miss Herbert, a very dainty, sweet, little girl wearing white embroidered crepe de chine, with a large white hat with willow plumes. Miss Milne, who is tall and strikingly pretty, wore embroidered white net over a lace foundation, and a white French touque with silver embroidery.

Both carried lovely bouquets of huge white mums.

Miss Sanders had on a very sweet gown of pale mauve-raw silk, with mauve velvet, and ermine toque, carried mauve mums as her bouquet, and wore her bridesmaid's favor, an exquisite flagree gold brooch studded with many pearls.

Mrs. Herbert who has just come from Victoria, wore handsome black silk with fine sable furs and a black veil and table hat, and Mrs. Biggar an ultra smart Paris costume of mauve iridescent corded silk, with grey velvet Charlotte Corday capeau.

Returning to the house a delicious wedding breakfast was served. The table was beautifully done with quantities of yellow mums in iridescent glass bowls, the two wedding cakes being at either end.

The going-away frocks were very becoming.

Mrs. Milne wearing brown velvet with a beaver hat and fur coat, and Mrs. Herbert mauve tussore silk with mauve toque and brown fur coat.

Mr. and Mrs. Milne are spending their honeymoon at their ranch at the Landing, driving there after the wedding breakfast, and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert went on to Banff.

Both will reside in future at Athabasca Landing.

A great many callers dropped in at Uplown Villa on Monday, to call

FRESH CHOCOLATES

JUST ARRIVED

AT THE

KING EDWARD PHARMACY

On Mrs. Rhodes and her guest, Mrs. Sanders, of Athabasca Landing, whose friends in Edmonton are legion.

Mrs. Henwood poured tea, and the room was very attractive with many golden mums. Mrs. Rathbun was also present to say good-bye to the numerous friends of her sick boy.

Only ladies were present, and Mrs. MacMahon had a very enjoyable bridge on Saturday night in honor of Mrs. McCarthy, of Calgary, whom everybody was sorry to learn, was leaving on Monday for home.

Mrs. MacMahon received her guests in a handsome white lace blouse and tailored skirt, and Mrs. McCarthy wore soft yellow satin.

Only ladies were present, and Mrs. Balmer Watt carried off the pretty prize.

Some of those present were Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Donald Macdonald and Miss Kerr, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Scoble, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Bower Campbell, Mrs. T. W. Lines, and Miss Hudspeth.

Mrs. George Stockand had a huge tea for Mrs. Sifton's table on Wednesday, the cozy little bungalow being crowded to over-flowing, mostly due to the difficulty in accommodating the most numerous hats, and being beautifully abloom with yellow mums and other lovely flowers.

The tea table was a beautiful arrangement of pink carnations on a lace and pink chiffon centrepiece, pink shaded candles casting their soft glow on the dammy china, and glistening silver. Mrs. Hugh Campbell, much admired in white, served the coffee, Mrs. Garnet Morris wearing an attractive blue costume with hat, ermine, the tea, and Mrs. Robert Innes, the ices.

Mrs. Stockand had on a most becoming pale mauve gown, with rich dull gold embroidery, and her mother, Mrs. Cameron, of Winnipeg, a fine looking woman, wore some attractive black soft mums.

Every one seemed to be looking very smart, but I have no space to go into particulars.

I noticed Mrs. Westhead, of Alia, there with Mrs. Murphy.

Mrs. Westhead spent the week in town a guest of the King Edward Hotel. I understand she was to return this Friday to her ranch.

The first concert of the newly organized Ladies' Musical Club, takes place this Saturday afternoon, at the Separate School Theatre, when the most enjoyable program has been arranged for.

I have to acknowledge the courtesy of an invitation to the series of fortnightly dances to be given in the Separate School Theatre, this Winter, the first of which takes place Monday, November 21st, under the auspices of "A" Squadron, the 19th Alberta Mounted Rifles. The band will be from 8 to 12, and Moss's Orchestra is to furnish the music.

Last year, these dances were very popular and I am sure that this year they will be very liberally patronized.

Mrs. W. E. Bidwell will receive for the first time on Friday, November 25th at her home, 300 Eighth Street, and afterwards on the first Friday of the month.

Mrs. R. W. Jones, of 438 7th St., will in future receive on second and third Monday of each month.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall has been one of the week's busiest hostesses. On Saturday she had simply a huge tea, when members of the former set, mostly the members of the Legislature, and the Members of the Legislature, had a pleasant gossip over the teacups with the usual Five O'clock. The women wearing their smartest gowns and looking altogether very pretty and attractive.

The rooms were very beautifully decorated, flowers being one of Mrs. Marshall's weaknesses, and the fragrance from great vases of lilac of the valley was simply exquisite.

The Minister of Agriculture received with his wife and gave every one a hearty word of welcome.

Mrs. Marshall was wearing her handsome gown of bronze green velvet, so much admired at the formal opening of the house. Assisting her in the tea-room were Mrs. Bory and Mrs. Kerr, of Strathcona, who poured tea and coffee, Mrs. Balmer Watt serving the ices, and later, Mrs. Sydney Woods, Madame Cote and Mrs. Clark Dennis.

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entertained at a dinner of ten covers, the guests being: Mr. Hoadley, Mr. Puffer, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Olin, Mr. Stauffer, Mr. MacAnthur, and Dr. McNally, of Owen Sound, the hostess's brother-in-law.

Thursday found this hospitable house again en fête, the table being set for twelve covers.

Mrs. Marshall received, gowned in pale blue satin, veiled in grey chiffon.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Marshall again

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Architect
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PHOTOGRAPHER

Read the Saturday News



Husbands may well sigh for the good old days when wives had the proper conception of what was expected of them. Less than a century ago an English judge handed down a decision that under the common law a married man might use reasonable measures in correction of the woman for whose future he had accepted responsibility but that he should not employ a stick thicker than his thumb. Now, so far have we departed from this doctrine that a wife can prosecute criminally her husband for laying hands on her. At Washington the other day a woman who couldn't remember more than seven beatings in two years, tried to get damages as well, but the court held that while she had almost every other liberty she had no recourse to civil action. This is some consolation. However, the suffrage association will soon get busy and see that a statute is introduced to cover the case.

The problems involved are such that the man of the Lounger's matrimonial inexperience might well hesitate to tackle them. But in his youth he heard so many tell of how the cause of domestic happiness had been promoted by giving their wives a spanking every Saturday night, that he must pause and wonder as to what is to be the exact effect of the stupendous change which the present generation is witnessing. Do women not like a man who can keep them in subjection by mere physical strength better than one who relies on moral suasion? Are their natures not essentially the same as they were nine centuries ago?

I ask this question because in my reading the other day I came across a passage which bears very materially on the point under discussion. In the French chronicles of the time we have described at some length the wooing of William the Conqueror. He sought the hand of Matilda of Flanders, who was, according to the chronicles of the day, beautiful, well-informed, firm in the faith, a model of virtue and modesty. What modern girl would not be flattered by such a description?

But she turned him down because of certain circumstances connected with his entrance upon the world's stage that were real good to the gossip of the day. William was not but did not give up. He went on his way acquiring more strength and worldly power. Then he turned his attention to Matilda once more. I quote one of the chronicles for the rest of the story. "A little after that the Duke went privately to where the Duke of Flanders and his daughter and wife then were. He entered the hall and passing on as if he did some business, went into the Countess's chamber and there found the damsel daughter of Count Baldwin. He took her by the tresses, dragged her round the chamber, trampled her under foot, and did beat her soundly. Then he strode forth from the chamber, leapt upon his horse, which was being held for him before the hall, struck her in the spurs and went on his way. At this deed was Count Baldwin much enraged; and when Matilda remained a while, Duke William went over to Count Baldwin to parley again of the marriage. The Count sounded his daughter on the subject and she answered that it pleased her well. So the nuptials took place with very great joy. And, after the aforesaid matters, Count Baldwin, laughing, wailed, asked his daughter, wherefore she had so lightly accepted the marriage she had a foretime so cruelly refused. And she answered that she did not then know the duke so well as she did now; for, said she, if he had not great heart and high emprise, he had not been so bold as to dare come and beat me in my father's chamber. The story is a pretty one but I wouldn't advise any of my young readers to imitate Duke William too closely in the prosecution of their love affairs.

I must confess that these stories of love in the olden time make a stronger appeal to me than does the average modern treatment of the same subject. I had no sooner finished this stirring French chronicle than I picked a syndicate article by that eminent present-day authority on the working of the divine passion, Laura Jane Libby. Here is a passage from it: "Then again comes the old, harrowing don't—can a widow truly love a second time? He leans over, takes the little hand lying on the arm of her chair. His proposal of marriage is tinged with that doubt, which he fears her to dispel. She accepts him, adding earnestly: 'Doubt not dear, that a widow can love truly a second time. The heart is fallow for having nurtured a blossom of wedded bliss. The past,

beautiful though it was, softens in time into a hallowed memory. The heart that has loved once is always susceptible to love. Love is the blossom; marriage is the flower.' Her heart responds to a sympathetic nature which has been attracted to her own. She sees a silver lining to the clouds which bent above her. Yes, a widow's heart may know love a second time. The first love was beautiful in its freshness and newness, a young girl's tender romance, culminating in wedlock. A young widow's love is deeper, more mellow. The husband and the fireside is the Alpha and Omega of her hopes. Marriage, the haven of her life bark. Two souls with but a single thought. Two hearts that beat as one."

It may be all very beautiful, both from this standpoint of sentiment and language, but is it satisfying? What man would want to take a chance with a widow concocted by Laura Jane?

A newspaper down east supplies a variation to Mark Twain's ancient joke about the report of his death being greatly exaggerated. It says that the report of the assassination of Alphonso of Spain is premature. The paper then calls to the Ottawa Journal a certain conversation that took place between a second-hand clothier, notorious for suspicious fires, and his friend. "I hear you had a fire at your store last Sunday," remarked the friend. "Not last Sunday, next Sunday," whispered the store-keeper.

As the evening performance at a certain theatre was about to commence an excited individual rushed up and displaying a catered inch long cigar butt, inquired "Where can I put this so it will be safe till after the show?" With the air of a Chesterfield, the man behind the wicket bowed, and thus replied: "If you will pass to me I shall carefully wrap it in issue paper and placing it in the issue-proof vault, I shall at the same time put in your hands an insurance policy equal to its full value."

A New York lawyer has decided to make a specialty of divorce cases. His first bid for employment in the new field consists of a neatly printed letterhead. His name, office address and the nature of his business are set forth in the usual way, and measuring the entire width of the page above is a caption which reads "Give me liberty or give me death."

Bliss Carman told at a dinner in New York a story about James Russell Lowell and a boy. "A Boston woman," said Mr. Carman, "asked Lowell to write in her autograph album, and the poet, complying, wrote the line: 'What is so rare as a day in June?'"

"Calling at this woman's house a few days later, Lowell idly turned the pages of the album until he came to his own autograph. He read what was written in a childish scrawl: 'A Chinaman with whiskers.'"

Miss Roslyn—"Which do men admire most, blondes or brunettes?" Miss Wardlow—"How should I know?" Miss Roslyn—"You have been both, haven't you, dear?"

Song of the Germ Hunters.

We have harried the germs, in spite of their squirms, and have slain the name in their lair; We are after the fly with the bawful eye, and the 'skeeter must say its prayer; We have purified wells and have killed off smells that have risen from their sickle; But in spite of our toil, and the water we boil, the public ups and dies.

We have swept the streets, screened fruits and meats, we have had milk pasteurized; No bacillus thrives upon human lives which we've properly sterilized; The insidious bug in the barber's mug we have given a rude surprise; But what's the use—some germ is loose—the public ups and dies.

In the days gone by no 'swat the fly was the usual summer song; But if somehow fell men lived: well—their lives were as yours or mine. So something's wrong with the germ fests—song—what it is we can't surmise; But the clench remains, that spite of our pains, the public ups and dies.

Denver Republican

Hank Dobbs was noted as an "honest" horse trader. He would not lie about a horse. He would merely suppress the truth. Incidentally he always beat the customer who dealt with him. The way he could stir over the defects, and buzz about the virtues of an animal amounted to genius. One Hankness tried to sell a neighbor a horse that had an eye which was nearly sightless. The neighbor knew Hankness, not he, and he was not to be outwitted by him. He questioned the horse trader as to various points of the brute. "How about his sight?" Can he see out of both eyes?" "Sure," said Hank, "he's got good eyes." Here he leaned forward, his eyes fairly simulating with his pressed humanity. "One eye is particularly good," Hank's enthusiasm for the death had carried him too far. The deal was off—Tula (Ola) Post.

THE GOLFER

Like man, with hoe he leans upon his club,
And gazes the groundward with a vacant air;
A wretched, brainless, golf-besotted duffer.

A brother to the hatter and the hare.
Ah, what to him the "swing of the Pleiades."
Whose mind is fixed on swinging on the pill,
Whose only mental processes are "I must grip tight, and keep my head quite still."

Ah, what to him the pull of Jupiter's skull;
This muddy-headed clod, this witless wight—
Who fears that he may "pull" or "commence,"
(Slice off into the bushes on the right.

For aught he knows whom golf hath so besot,
The sky has fall'n, or is about to fall.
For heaven and earth and time and space are not
To him whose gaze is glued upon the ball.

"The beast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that glory and all that pomp,
May all have bunched the inevitable hour,
For all he knows, infatuated slavel."

So come away and leave him to his club,
His rubber pill, his fixed and vacant stare,
'Tis but a brainless, golf-besotted duffer,
A brother to the hatter and the hare,
—Chicago Tribune.

WOMAN'S DOWER

To all that breathe the air of heaven,
Some boon of strength has nature given,
In forming the majestic bull.
She fenced, with wreathed horns his time put in your hands an insurance policy equal to its full value."

A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
And winged the timorous hare with speed.
She gave the lion pangs of terror.
And o'er the ocean's crystal mirror taught the unnumbered scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove she plumed the warbling world of love.

To man she gave in that proud hour The boon of intellectual power.
Then what, oh, woman, what for thee was left in 'Nature's treasury'?

She gave thee beauty, milder far Than all the pomp and power of war.
No steel, nor fire itself hath power like woman in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee.
Smile, and the world is weak before thee.—Thomas Moore.

NO DRUDGERY FOR CHARLES
"What is Charles going to take up next year when he finishes at college," asked the family friend.

"He has not decided yet," replied the ambitious mother. "but I think the law would make him a very nice profession, don't you?"

"The law is overcrowded. Still, there are great opportunities for a young man in politics, if he has a lawyer's training."

"In politics? Oh, horrors! do you suppose I would let my boy go into politics?"

"Why not?" "Because politics are so dirty, so debasing. They are not fit for decent men to touch. There is nothing more contaminating than politics."

"The more reason why clean men should take part. Your son can find no profession in which the need for unselfish service to humanity is greater."

"I don't know anything about that but there are great opportunities in politics as long as they stay corrupt as they are now. That's certain."

"There is a great chance for brainy men in medicine. Has Charles thought of studying to be a doctor?"

"He did think about it a little, but I put my foot down on that. A doctor has to answer calls at all hours of the night, and he never can call his time his own. Besides, a doctor is nobody, socially."

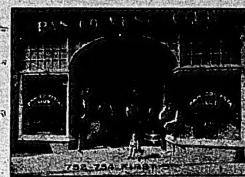
"My father was a doctor."

"That was an entirely different matter," countered the mother. "That was thirty years ago, but now, you know well, really there is a great difference between the doctor of that time and the doctor of today. There are callings that would be much more suitable for a boy of Charles' temperament and abilities."

"What about architecture?" "I have thought of architecture. It is a nice pleasant occupation, especially if one builds churches and cathedrals and pretty little Gothic chapels, you know. One comes in contact with such a fine class of people in that way. But there is such a lot of tedious figuring connected with it, and one has to know so much about plumbing and all that sort of thing. I would much rather have Charles enter the ministry."

"Has he talent in that direction?" "Well, not exactly. But then it is so respectable and I am sure Charles would find it pleasant. I have known to the bishop about it, and he thinks Charles would be a splendidly well equipped with that as a vocation. Still, it means hard work and long

(Continued on page eight)



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Oak Dresser with large size plate glass for \$8.75

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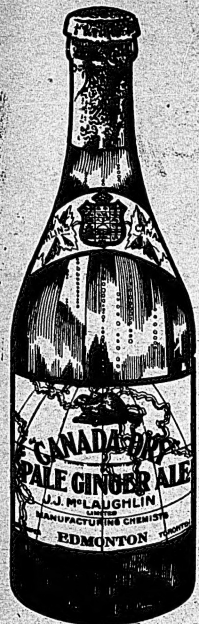
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Trunks and Valises in large variety and all sizes.

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Music and Drama



JAROSLAV KOCIAN.
The great violinist who comes to
Edmonton on December 17.

On December 17 Edmonton will
be visited by one of the great vi-
olinists in the world of music, Kocian,
the Bohemian violin virtuoso.
Since Paganini's death he is the
largest "climax" of the United
States. Kocian has just completed
a triumphant tour in Europe where
his art has won for him the name of
second Paganini. Especially in
Russia and Italy he has achieved
phenomenal success. His technique
is regarded by the foremost Euro-
pean authorities as most perfect and
unequaled.

When in Italy, Kocian was in-
vited to Genoa by the musical celeb-
rities for the purpose of playing on
the dead master's historical violin.
Since Paganini's death, Kocian is
the only person that has played the
old violin, which is kept in a sealed
urn in the Paganini vault. Kocian
played for two hours before the au-
thorities, who caused documentary
records of his great art, which they
classed equal to the dead master's
to be placed in the city archives.

A Spanish opera has just been
produced in London which has at-
tracted considerable attention. It is
by Raul Laparra and entitled "Ha-
banera." The story is a grim one,
but worth telling. It concerns the
love of two brothers, Ramon and
Pedro, for the same girl, Pilar. Ra-
mon discovers that Pilar returns
Pedro's love, and in a fit of fury
kills his brother. The horror of the
situation is increased by the dy-
ing command of Pedro that the sin
of his murderer shall only be ex-
piated by confession within a year.
The next act finds Ramon with Pilar
and his father a year later. He is
moody and desperate for tomorrow
is the last day he has for confession.
Pilar tries to rouse him, but cannot

At that moment three beggars ask
for shelter, and as they enter Ramon
hears the ghostly voice of Pedro and
screams to Pilar not to let them in.
He is laughed at, and the old men
sit down. Just behind them stands
the ghost of Pedro visible only to
Ramon. The beggars carry guitars,
and at the request of their hosts
strike up a Habanera, the dance of
death. It is the same tune that

ENGLAND IS ENGLAND STILL

Horace Smith in The Spectator
our armies march, and scour the
plain.
Our navies guard our shores;
Our clods strain with might and main
To fill the world with stores;
Brave workers toil, both night and
day,
With matchless strength and skill,
Where are the signs of slow decay?
England is England still.

Through many a shire by town and
spire
Each village makes its nest—
Hard sons of toil with hearts of fire—
Our bravest and our best.
They tend the kine, they fold the
sheep,
The fields they sow or till,
Their noiseless tenor yet they keep—
England is England still.

Though factions fight with all their
might,
And war each wise endeavor,
The cause of Freedom and of Right
Still rolls along forever.
This happy land secure shall stand,
Based on her people's will.
Though wide the range, through
every change,
England is England still.

O rolling down, more lovely made
By every passing cloud,
O purple heath, O dappled glade,
O wood by brooks how sweet,
O land and sea, O lake and lea,
O meadow-stream and hill,
O rock-bound coast—where'er we be
England is England still.
Dear Mother, Island, how the smile
That lightens up thy face!
E'en those who part from thee
Long for thy warm embrace,
Through hours of joy, through hours
of pain,
My heart with thee I fill;
Through shine or rain, thou wilt re-
main,
England is England still.

was being played when Ramon
killed Pedro. Above the measures
of the dance Ramon hears the awful
voice of his murdered brother com-
manding him to confess to Pilar on
the morrow. If he fails, Pilar will
join Pedro "dans ma tombe."
The next day Pilar and Ramon
are seated on Pedro's grave. Pilar
is speaking confidently of the future,
but Ramon is struggling to tell her
of his sin, and thinks of nothing
else. The time is drawing to an end
the sun is setting, and with nightfall
his reprieve will be over. The people
in the cemetery have been sing-
ing the "I am the Resurrection,"
but in Ramon's ears it rings like the
fatal Habanera. And then—it is too
late. Pilar slowly dies, and Ramon,
bereft at one stroke of love and reason,
rushes out into the darkening
night, banging the gate after him,
and in so doing sounding the last
note of the drama.

People often wonder why, though
so many English plays are produced
in the United States, so few Ameri-
can productions go to England. Miss
Edythe Wynne Matheson was ques-
tioned on this point in Toronto the
other day.

"I'll never forget," she replied, "the
first time the most typical play was
taken over there to London. I mean
The Great Divide. I must say the
Englishmen were so entirely
alien, so different from the American
that it seems absurd. I speak on the
point of marriage, such as it is dealt
with in that play. The girl marries
the man who comes in to rob the
bank, in order that she may save her
from the other two ruffians who came
with him. The girl, being brought
up in a refined Eastern home, feels
her position and struggles all her life
to overcome it. The English audi-
ences could not comprehend her lack
of appreciation. Why, it was absurd,
they said. She was a man, and that
was all that should matter. Of
course, the English girl's mother in-
sults into her mind, when she is still
quite young, that marriage is the end
and be-all of the girl's ambitions,
that she must begin to 'trunk' when
she is old enough to appreciate
pretty bits of linen. It is such an ob-
solete idea to me, even if I am Eng-
lish. I thought they would not un-
derstand the play, but never dreamt
that it would be so bad as that."



HERR MAURICE EISNER.
The distinguished German pianist
who visits Edmonton with Kocian

THE RISE OF THE SHACKERS

Three years ago the financial panic
in the United States caused rather
keen depression in the Dominion for
a few months chiefly because of the
precautionary measures taken by
large concerns which did not know
whereabouts would last.
Among the victims were about a
thousand old-country families, who
when they came to Toronto, had in-
vested their little savings in lots on
the outskirts of the city on which
they built little shacks in which to
live until they could afford to erect
more permanent quarters. Their en-
terprise and desire to own a little bit
of land proved their undoing, and
where the factories with which they
were connected shut down or reduced
their working force the distress in
Shacktown was a sore rarely wit-
nessed in Canada. Believing that
these sturdy immigrants of our own
British stock only needed a chance
to get on their feet, The Globe's
readers contributed a very consider-
able sum toward helping them
through the winter.

Thousands of out-of-town friends
of the shackers would be delighted to
see Shacktown today. The new-
comers are highly prosperous, their
original shacks are in many cases
the kitchens of good houses, and
everywhere building is going on. The
rosy-cheeked English children are be-
coming sturdy little Canadians and
the hard winter of their adoption
memory that will make their elders
feel more kindly all their lives to-
ward the land of their adoption.
Readers of The Globe may rest as-
sured that they have never made a
more profitable investment than the
\$20,000 put into Shacktown three
years ago.—Toronto Globe.

STARLAND

The programmes during the past
week at this ever popular theatre
have indeed left nothing to be desired.

Truly novel and touching on a vari-
ety of subjects each change of bill
has been another triumph. "The
Road to Richmond" was one of the
most thrilling and realistic of Ameri-
can war pictures and it found its rival
only in the "Girl Spy," a story of a
brave daughter of the South. One
of the most beautiful of human pas-
sions, parental love, formed the sub-
ject of the magnificent drama entitled
"The Altar of Love." It shows the
sacrifices which a father will make
where the good of his child is ensured,
regardless of the pain and heartbreak
it may mean to himself. "A Salutory
Lesson" was one of the finest society
dramas of today. It portrays the
light way in which society will lead
one to think of some ties and the
terrible results which often ensue.
Some masterpieces have been billed
for the following programmes.

BOURASSA AND MORDECAI

Everyone is talking of the Drum-
mond-Artlabaska defeat. For as in
assa, as the most dangerous personal
of this by-election is greater consid-
ered as a defeat for Sir Wilfrid and
the Liberals, than as a victory for
Mr. Bourassa. But, just the same, it
sets a public seal upon Henri Bour-
assa, the most dangerous personal
force which Sir Wilfrid has encoun-
tered in his later political career.

Few sixteen years ago he had secured
lease, a greater national power, a less
interrupted period of personal pros-
perity than Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Yet,
I imagine this defeat, for him, like the
escape of Fleance to Macbeth, upsets
and unsettles all. And some-
how, although even in my own mind
the connection is not clear, this pas-
sage political incident and its obvious
effect on the rounding out of Sir Wil-
frid's career, recalls the story of the
worries of another Prime Minister
in another distant kingdom which
flourished away back near the sur-
rise of history. The story, as told
in the Book of Esther, is splendidly
full of subtle humor and vivid charac-
ter. I sometimes wonder that a
great historical novel is not based
thereupon.

The tale to which I allude is, of
course, that of Haman, the Prime
Minister of Ahasuerus. He had ruled
for years, had reached the summit of
power and glory; all men bowed be-
fore him, all stood uncovered as he
came and went.

All men? No. One Mordecai sat at
the city gate and refused to stand or
bare the head as the old Prime Min-
ister passed. And from an irritation
this rose to be an annoyance, a trou-
ble, an obsession that filled the old
statesman's whole horizon.

"And Haman came and called
for his friends - and his wife."
"And he told them of the glory
of his riches, and the multitude of
his children, and all the things
wherein the King had promoted him,
and how he had advanced him
above the princes and servants
of the King.

"Haman said, moreover, 'Yea,
rather the Queen did let no man
come in with the King until he had
banned which she has prepared by my-
self; and tomorrow am I invited into
her also with the King.'"
"Yet all this availeth me nothing
so long as I see Mordecai, the Jew,
sitting in the King's gate."

Today instead of Ahasuerus we
have Demos for king. And while I
do not expect King Demos to strip
the power from the present Prime
Minister—for a time at least—not
to hang him on a gallows forty cubits
high, to more than I ever expected
or desire that Mordecai Bourassa be
called to his place, still the moral of
the delightful old story is that every
man who lives long enough will find
a someone who arises to question his
work, object to his methods, and take
away his following.

But I wonder what Mordecai's con-
stituents did to him when, after the
first shock of victory they found him
looming long in about the same old
way that he did under Haman. Per-
haps Quebec's future attitude to Mr.
Bourassa will shed some light on this
historical problem.—Ottawa Jour-
nal.

SAILING AT DAWN

One by one the pale stars die before
the day.
One by one the great ships are stir-
ring from their sleep,
Cables all are rumbling, anchors all
are swinging now.

Now the fleet's a fleet again, glid-
ing toward the deep.
Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound
upon the old ways.

Splendor of the past comes shin-
ing in the spray;
Admirals of old time, bring us on the
bold ways!
Souls of all the sea-dogs, lead the
line today!

Far away behind us town and tower
are dwindling,
Home becomes a fair dream faded
long ago;

Infinitely glorious the height of heav-
en is kindling,
Infinitely desolate the shoreless seas
below.

Now the fleet's a fleet again, bound
upon the old ways,
Splendor of the past comes shining
in the spray

Admirals of old time bring us on the
bold ways!
Souls of all the sea-dogs lead the
line today!—The Spectator.

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fascinating. Come in
and see our Brass-
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PHONE 1911

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38 Jasper Ave. W.

HOME AND SOCIETY (Continued from Page Five.)

Friday found Mrs. Marshall again hostess at a dinner party. Her gown was an embroidered champagne voile, with pretty touches in pale blue.

The guests who sat down to dinner included Sheriff and Mrs. Van Wart, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Bruce McLeod, Mr. George O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. George Harcourt, Mr. and Miss Smith, and Miss Jean McIsaacs.

Mrs. Smith, of Calgary, who has been visiting Mrs. C. H. Mitchell, returned home on Tuesday.

The Old-Timers of Calgary, have issued charming invitations to their Annual Ball, to be held November 28th, in the splendid hall just completed, and erected by the Shriners. The cards have picturesque pen sketches of pioneer times and are really very cleverly conceived. Some Edmonton people are, I know, going south to the event.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie, of McLeod have leased the Henderson's house on Sixth Street for the season. Miss Henry, Mrs. McKenzie's sister is with them.

Mrs. Bower Campbell was another of Saturday's hostesses, her small tea being given in honor of Mrs. McCarthy, of Calgary. Woodville, and of the enjoyable tea parties where a body had room for their most enormous hats, and to chance for a quick chat. This pleasant house has recently undergone changes such as having hard wood floors put in, and other improvements, and on Saturday it looked very cheery and inviting.

Mrs. Campbell received in a pretty grey voile gown with jewelled passementerie, being assisted by her daughter, Miss Norah Campbell, in heavy cream tulle, and some pippings in green and some pretty soft lace. Miss Kathleen Pace, a guest of the house, who looked very sweet in pink, also helped to look after the guests.

Mrs. MacCarthy was smartly gowned in black and white, her tailor-made, and wore a jaunty black turban with a military brush-aigrette.

Mrs. Turnbull poured tea at a table gayly abloom with quantities of pink carnation, beautifully arranged in a mass of trailing asparagus.

Mrs. T. W. Lines, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Bert Woods, Mrs. D. L. Scott, and Mrs. MacMahon were a few of the guests.

Mrs. Mitchell, the Attorney-General's wife, gave a tea for the out-of-town Members' wives, and Mrs. Sifton's guests on Thursday.

Mrs. McKenny is giving a tea this Saturday afternoon for the seasonal guests.

The Premier and Mrs. Sifton are entertaining at a small party on Saturday night mainly the people who have been entertaining their guests.

Mr. John R. Risley, of Toronto, a well-known man of the Queen City, is in pension at the Yale.

Mrs. Duncan Smith is giving another large bridge party on Tuesday evening.

The Ladies' Afternoon Bridge Club are meeting this Friday at Mrs. Frank Sommerfeld's.

"Glenca" was the scene of a merry dinner-party on Monday night, when Mrs. Donald Macdonald entertained in honor of Mrs. McCallie, of Port Hope, and Mr. Masten, of Toronto.

The attractive reception and dining rooms were lit by candle-lights, and their beauty further enhanced by some exquisite flowers and hand-some palms.

Mrs. Macdonald welcomed her guests in a charming little pale blue silk gown, with a rich berthe of sequins and pearls, and Miss Kerr had on a modish gown of mauve satin, with a net over-dress with strappings of mauve satin and caught with buckles of brilliants.

The table was exquisitely done in crimson carnations and trailing green ferns, and those around the hospitable board, were Mrs. McCallie, Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Swaisland, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, of Lethbridge, the Hon. C. W. Fisher, Mrs. Beck, Miss Kerr, Mr. Masten, Mr. Charles Beck, and Mr. Kenneth Macdonald.

Mrs. Beck gave a tiny girls' luncheon at the King Edward Hotel for Miss Marjory Beck's guest Miss Kathleen Pace, early in the week.

Mrs. Buchanan returns to Lethbridge on Monday.

The King Edward Hotel Grill has been the scene of a number of large supper parties this week, notably two large ones on Wednesday night, when Mrs. Balmer Watt entertained twenty-one guests in honor of the Calgary visitors at Premier and Mrs. Sifton's, and Mrs. Bert Woods, Mrs. Jennings, guest, and another composed of Members of the Legislature, presided over, if not given, by Mr. Parke Gunn.

On Tuesday, Mr. Jocelyn Pirie gave a merry little party in the same inviting Grill, the guests being the Sifton house-party.

It is a capital idea, this of Mr. McCullough's of holding his fine dining rooms open for late affairs of this nature. The service is splendid. Mr. Harper, who has charge of the Grill, is an invaluable man at his post, the cooking is excellent, and the surroundings absolutely delightful. The Grill is already becoming an institution, and is bound to prove a very popular feature.

I had lunch at Christchurch Bazaar, held in the old Post-Office on Thursday. A delicious meal, well-served, and providing the daintiest food. Everyone seemed to be there, and I saw any number of congenial little parties.

Besides serving luncheon, there were several well-stocked booths where—though it was a church affair, where people always expect to be held up—you could, for a change, acquire a great many useful and tempting things, or practically nothing.

The Rector of Christchurch and Mrs. Jefferson were in good voice without saying, among the busiest workers, and I can answer that Mr. Jefferson would make a capital butler. I noticed that Mrs. Bowker, Mrs. Rolfe, Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Farquharson, Mrs. Alan Fraser, Mrs. Dickins, and other prominent church-workers were as busy as bees and I am confident, the baby Anglican church will reap a rich harvest from the very enjoyable affair.

Mrs. Sifton had a little luncheon party at one of the tables. Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Jennings, and Mrs. Balmer Watt, with the house guests, composing the guests.

Mrs. Turnbull is giving a small bridge this Friday night.

Mr. Albert E. Nash, who was so nearly asphyxiated in his apartment at the Arlington on Saturday night was operated on at the Public Hospital on Tuesday, and although he had a pretty trying week of it with two such experiences, is making excellent progress towards recovery.

The Members' wives, who have been so feted an aggregation since the opening of the House, were asked to tea on Monday afternoon to the Premier's house, when Mrs. Sifton made their acquaintance, looking very smart in a modish blue and white gown, with touches of black.

The guests of the house were all in the drawing room, and Mrs. Van Wart and Mrs. Clarke Dennis served the tea, the table being laid in the supper room downstairs, when the distinctive crimson and white of the decorations was emphasised in the red and white roses on the table.

Already the advent of the Premier's wife, has set a smarter social scene in Edmonton, than it has hitherto been accustomed to, and, undoubtedly the present season will be a record one in entertaining.

The account of the three following teas was written for last week, but through an error in preparing the paper for press was unfortunately omitted from that issue.

Mrs. Richard's bridge on Tuesday in honor of her mother, Mrs. Line, and her aunt, Mrs. Macdonald Hogg, gathered together a jolly little crowd who filled six tables, and had a happy evening contesting the popular game.

This pretty home on Edward street is a cheery rendezvous for entertaining and host and hostess are unsparring in extending the kindest hospitality.

Mrs. Richards received in a very pretty gown of pale blue painted net with empire berthe of heavy lace and tulle of pale satin. Mrs. Irving was in black satin and jet, and wore a handsome necklace of jet and a dainty white and silver scarf. Mrs. Macdonald Hogg was in rich black satin with elegant passementerie, and wore a heavy black and silver scarf and some fine diamonds in her hair and on the corsage.

Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. Line, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Scole, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Harrison, Dr. and Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. Metcalfe, Mrs. Nightingale and Miss Hudsouth, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Henwood, Mrs. Buxton, of Winnipeg, and Mr. McLeod, Mrs. Harrison and Mr. McLeod carried off the honors, and at one o'clock everyone scurried for the special car for home.

Mrs. Farquharson's tea on Tuesday afternoon was one of the largest and finest since the opening of the season. All afternoon the rooms were thronged with their smart gowns and tailor-made costumes, and it was difficult, at times, to discover just who were there and who were not.

Lovely pink chrysanthemums formed the chief floral decorations, the stately bloom being bestowed in every available corner in the reception room, and forming a beautiful centre-piece in a handsome cut-glass bowl, on a mirror base, for the tea-table. Candle-lights added a charm of their own, and the scene around five o'clock when the party was at its height, was a very animated one.

Mrs. Farquharson received in a modish piece of blue gown with dainty garniture, and her sister, Miss McAlpine, of Halifax, was in palest pink street costume, a simple girlish gown that became her admirably. In the tea-room Mrs. Kenneth MacKenzie and a bevy of young girls, Miss Harrison, the Miss Gifford, Miss McIsaacs, and Miss Perkins, assisted while Mrs. Duncan Smith and Mrs. Parke Gunn presided for the first hour and Mrs. Lorne Yorkie and Mrs. Dickins later took their places, Mrs. Jennings serving the tea.

Among the many present, I noticed

Mrs. Duncan Smith, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Blain, Mrs. Donald Macdonald in a very swaggy pale grey gown and huge plumed hat, her sister, Miss Kerr, in a fashionable white tailor-made, Mrs. Crable, man at his black chiffon veiling a Dresden effect, and with some stunning seal furs; Mrs. Graydon, home recently from a delightful trip, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. John Ross, Mrs. MacNamara and Mrs. Holly Ross, just home from the coast on Monday.

There is no more charming drawing-room in all of Edmonton than Mrs. P. W. Lines' beautifully furnished room. No house, where a tea has a happier setting, and on Monday afternoon, the little coterie of friends, invited to meet Mrs. McCarthy, of Calgary, lingered long over the tea-cups, and enjoyed thoroughly every moment of their stay.

Mrs. Lines is a capital hostess and on Monday, as always, gave her guests the kindest of welcomes. She was looking very bright and attractive in a pretty cream skirt and soft silk blouse, while Mrs. McCarthy was very smart in a lovely grey frock with beautiful embroidery and lace, and made a host of friends by her sweet, unaffected manner.

The drawing-room was a symphony of the most exquisite shades of pink. The rug, beautiful bronze clectrolites with myriad tiny pink globes, the soft coloring of the furniture coverings, and the roses scattered about the room, blending and melting into one perfect effect of softness, indescribably lovely.

Mrs. Henwood presided over the tea-table, and Mrs. Norman Sears assisted.

I see that Poker is ousting Bridge in New York. I think, though, for some time to come, despite the fact that one so naturally associates the two cities in one's mind, we will remain loyal to the jolly little game which most of us play so loyally.

Oh, but I could tell you of a very unfortunate affair and I had mind to. Instead I will drop you a hint. Be trusting, but not too trusting. Walls have ears, hostesses unopposed to be rather stupid are not always blind, and—more things walk out of a house than have legs. Read my riddle if you can—but don't ask me.

NO DRUDGERY FOR CHARLES (Continued from page six.)

hours of study, the bishop says, and I don't know whether I am wholly in favor of it or not.

Meanwhile, in the boiler room at college the newsmen of the News, which tells the story, Charles is spending his leisure time in helping his old friend, the engineer, put a new dynamo together.



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